Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flour, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so faw,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaugham, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie brgins to iet

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse th
Welcome destruction, death and
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wra
How many of you haue mine eyes
My husband lost his life to get th
And often vp and downe my sonn
For me to ioy and weepe their gai
And being seated, and domesticke
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues th
Make war vpon themselues, blood
Selfe against selfe. O prepostrous
And franktice outrage, end thy da
Or let me die to looke on death n
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we w
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither bare your treasure an
For my part, Ile resigne vnto you
The Seale I keepe; and so betid to
As well I tender you, and all of yo
Come ile conduct you to the San
The Trumpets sound. Enter you
Gloster, and Buckingham, C
Buck. Welcome sweete Prince t
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my
The weary way hath made you m
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses
Haue made it tedious, wearisom, a
I want more Vncles here to welc
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntaint
Haue not yet dined into the worl
Nor more can you distinguish of
Then of his outward shew, which
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with
Those Vncles which you want, w
Your grace attended to their sug
But lookt not on the poyson of

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